

OLEY SPEAKS



MORNING

SONG

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WORDS BY FRANK L. STANTON

High in D min. Medium in C min. Low in B $\flat$ min.

NET. D
PRICE, 60 CENTS

50¢

G. SCHIRMER

LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST. : NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43^D ST.
BOSTON : THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

Revised Nov 6-'38.
Some, higher key.

To Mr. Amor W. Sharp

Morning

Words* by
Frank L. Stanton

Oley Speaks

Slowly

Voice

Piano

mf

rit.

a tempo

dim.

l. h.

pp

ritard. e dim.

Nev- er star was

in the sky, Win- ter winds went wail- ing by, Not a vio- let was in bloom,

Not a rain- bow rimm'd the gloom.

* From the "Atlanta Constitution;" used by permission

Animato

brightly

But the light's on cot and

sf

3

clod, _____ Earth is hap - py, and, thank -

3

cresc. poco

God, _____ It's morn - ing, it's

f *ritard.*

a poco

f *ritard.*

morn - ing, it's morn - ing!

ff

fff *molto rit.*

3

fff *molto rit.*

f a tempo

Morn - - ing on the ho - - - ly hills,

f a tempo

Mead - - ows that en - - fold the rills,

Morn - - ing in the heav'ns of blue,

ritard. -

Morn - - ing in the eyes of you:

ritard. -

a tempo

In the dear and dream - - ing eyes

a tempo

Where the kind God made my skies, It's

poco a poco rit. e cresc. f

morn - - - ing, it's morn - - - ing, it's

poco a poco rit. e f cresc.

ff ritard.

morn - - - ing!

ff ritard. fff

BY OLEY SPEAKS LIFE'S TWILIGHT

—A Love Song—

Katherine Ward*)

Oley Speaks

Andante tranquillo

Voice

Piano

p

con Pedale ben legato

p

I walked with you, dear, at sun - - dawn, On and

a tempo

poco rit.

cresc.

on through the gold - en noon; A - gain, in the soft pur ple

cresc.

*) By permission

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PRICE, 60 CENTS

HIGH IN A $\flat$

MEDIUM IN G

LOW IN F

Poem by KATHERINE WARD.

I walked with you, dear, at sundawn,
On and on through the golden noon;
Again, in the soft purple sunset,
Twilight came to us all too soon,
And fair was that morning of youth, dear,
Those tender first days of our love,
But sweeter the swift passing hour,
As it dies with the moonbeams above.

I walked with you too in rainfall,
'Neath gray skies to rose paths of light;
Like children we spoke of the angels
Keeping watch o'er our pillows at night.
And may it go on to the end, love,
If God kindly wills it shall be;
In danger and e'en unto death, dear,
Hand in hand may I walk with thee.

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